



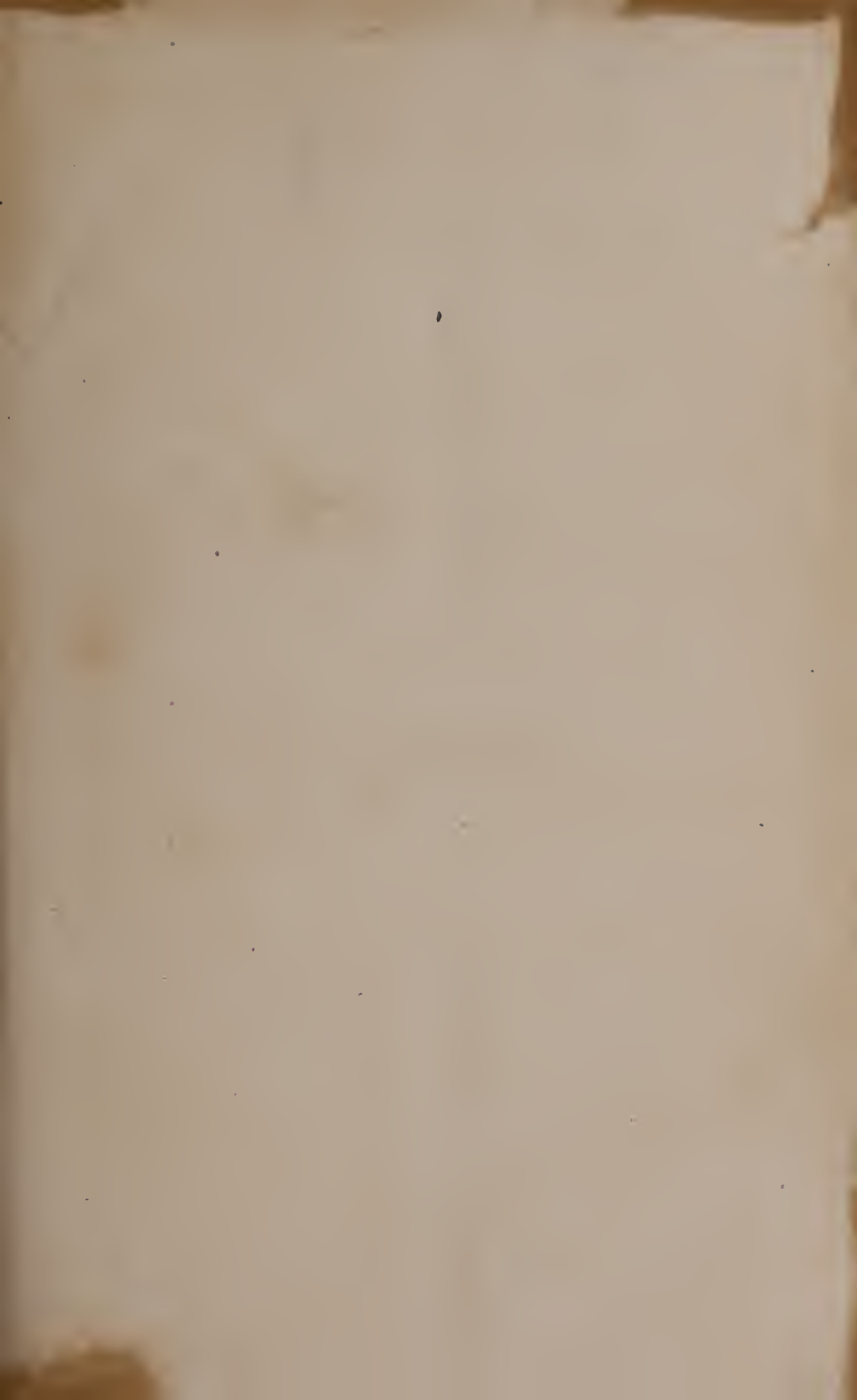
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BANNER OF THE COVENANT.

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Practical Essays.

[For the Banner of the Covenant.]

COUNSELS TO THE AFFLICTED.

THE Christian sustains an intimate relationship to God. The Covenant of Grace secures to him whatever may be necessary for him in this world, and in the world to come life everlasting. The divine promise to the believer is that "all things shall work together for good to those that love God, who are the called according to his purpose." We find, however, that the Christian often suffers most severely. "He is plagued all the day long, and chastened every morning;" while at the same time he cannot fail to observe the great "prosperity of the wicked." Unbelief would lead him to say, that he has "cleansed his heart in vain, and washed his hands in innocency." He begins to fear that God has forsaken the earth, that there is one event to the righteous and to the wicked, that the LORD hath forgotten to be gracious. He is tempted to doubt his goodness, his justice, his truth. This arises sometimes from *ignorance*. We think we know better than God what is for our own good, or the good of the universe. Increase of knowledge would show us how incompetent we were to judge what is really the best. Sometimes *selfishness* causes this state of feeling. It leads us to desire that all things should be regulated to promote our happiness without regard to the happiness of others. That holy love which would lead us to regard the welfare of our neighbour as truly as our own, would make us willing to suffer much ourselves, if others should be made happy by what we endure. *Want of humility* also occasions this dissatisfaction with Divine Providence. We forget that, however miserable our condition may be, we *deserve* nothing better. We imagine we have some claim on God, some right to expect him to bless us. Were we to consider what we are, and what we have done, we would think any evil that befalls us less than our iniquities deserve.

That such feelings of discontent may not gain the mastery over us, we should remember

1. That God is *Sovereign*, and has an absolute right to do with us as he pleases, and all he does, will be consistent with his holy character. "It is the LORD," we should say, "Let HIM do what seemeth him good." He *can* do nothing but what is right.

2. That the *afflictions* under which we are groaning, may be *for our real and great benefit*. Divine wisdom is often displayed in this manner. How remarkable an instance is presented in the history of Joseph. He was seized by his inhuman brethren, and cast into a pit to perish. Some Ishmaelitic merchants happening to pass by, he is sold to them, and taken into a foreign land. His father supposing his

loss irrecoverable, abandons himself to the deepest grief, he refuses to be comforted. But Joseph still lives, still is safe, still is preserved for wonderful events in his history. He becomes ruler of the land of Egypt, and is the means of saving Jacob and his family, and thus that which his father lamented so much, God meant for good, and made the means of Joseph's honour and prosperity, and of the preservation of the lives of Jacob and his family. The poet Parnell presents a beautiful illustration of the same truth in his "Hermit." He supposes an old man, who passed his life in seclusion from society,

"Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise,"

disturbed by reflecting upon the unequal distribution of good and evil in the world, the sufferings of the virtuous, the happiness of the wicked. At length, unable to satisfy his mind, he sallies forth to view the world more carefully. He meets with a young man of pleasing appearance and engaging manners, and they travel together. The first night they lodge in a splendid mansion, where they are treated with the utmost kindness, in return for which the youth steals a silver cup from the generous host. Overtaken by a storm, they seek shelter in a house where a miser had his wretched home. They are admitted with reluctance, treated with rudeness, and dismissed as soon as possible. But before they go, the youth, to the hermit's great surprise, presents to the churl the cup he had purloined from the man who had showed them so much hospitality. Proceeding on their journey, they are received into the house of a man of liberality and piety, who lived a life of exemplary religion. In the morning, before they depart, the youth steals to the cradle, in which the only child of their kind and virtuous host was sleeping, and strangles him. The hermit flies with fear and horror. The youth, however, overtakes him, accompanied by a guide whom they had obtained to show them their way. As they pass a deep and rapid river, the youth pushes the guide from the narrow bridge and drowns him. Unable any longer to restrain himself, the hermit bursts out in denunciation of his companion, but the youth assumes the form of an angel, declares he was sent from heaven to calm the hermit's mind, and then going over all the incidents of their journey, shows how each action, which had seemed so strange, was calculated for good.

—"The great vain man, who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good,—
Has with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes but with loss of cost.
—The mean, suspicious wretch whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in pity to the wandering poor,
With him I left the cup to teach his mind,
That Heaven can bless if mortals will be kind.
—Long had our pious friend in virtue trod;
But now the child half weaned his heart from God,
To what excesses had his doting run?
But God to save the father took the son.
—To all, but thee, in fits he seemed to go,
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

—But now had all his fortune fell to wrack—
Had that false servant sped in safety back,
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
Then what a fund of charity would fail—
—Thus taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
And where you can’t unriddle learn to trust.”

Who is there that cannot in his own history observe many instances in which great good has resulted from events at first distressing, and expected to produce only evil. Divine goodness, wisdom and power are thus most conspicuously manifested.

3. We should consider that assimilation to the character of our Blessed Saviour requires that we should have “fellowship with him in his sufferings.” The disciple is not above his Lord, the servant is not greater than his master. If the LORD JESUS, though a son, learned obedience by the things which he suffered, his people must tread the same road, and bear the same cross. Their sufferings, it is true, are not, like his, of a meritorious character, they cannot expiate sin,—nor are they, like his, vicarious, undeserved by themselves, and endured on behalf of another. But they are designed to advance their sanctification, to produce in them the peaceable fruits of righteousness, to call forth into lively and lovely exercise all the graces of the renewed nature. “Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of GOD is shed abroad in the heart, by the HOLY SPIRIT, which is given unto them.”

4. Another consideration which may tend to sustain those whom severe affliction may tempt to murmur, is the anticipation of the “rest that remaineth for the people of GOD.” To enter the haven and gain the shore is all the pleasanter if the passage has been stormy. “Sweet is pleasure after pain.” The tranquillity of heaven will be the more delightful if we have had little repose on earth. To those whose bodies have been racked with agonizing diseases, “the land where the inhabitant will not say, I am sick,” will be the more welcome. If human friends have disappointed us, it will be indeed joyous to meet with one “who sticketh closer than a brother.” If penury and calumny have embittered our cup, how happy to enjoy durable riches and righteousness, to know as we are known, and see as we are seen. If death has bereaved us of dear ones, how consoling the assurance that “there is no death *there*.” In short, whatever may be the sources of our disquietude, we have the promise of GOD “that he will wipe away every tear from our eyes.”

How unreasonable, how sinful, is it, then, to repine under affliction. We should indeed be careful on the one hand not to *despise* the chastening of the LORD, but we must beware also lest we *faint* when we are rebuked by HIM: for “whom the LORD *loveth*, he *chasteneth*, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.”

“BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER’S BURDENS.”

Once upon a time methought I set out upon a long journey, and the place through which I travelled appeared to be a dark valley, which was called the Valley of Tears. It had obtained this name, not only on account of the many sorrowful adventures which poor passengers commonly meet with in their journey through it, but also because most of these travellers entered into it weeping and crying, and left it in very great pain and anguish. This vast valley was full of people of all ages, colours, sizes, and descriptions. But whether white, or black, or tawny, all were travelling

the same road; or rather they were taking different little paths, which led to the same common end.

Now it was remarkable, that notwithstanding the different complexions, ages, and tempers of this vast variety of people, yet, all resembled each other in this one respect, that each had a burden on his back which he was destined to carry through the heat of the day, until he should arrive, by a longer or shorter course, at his journey's end. These burdens would, in general, have made the journey quite intolerable, had not the Lord of the valley, out of his great compassion for these poor pilgrims, provided, among other things, the following means for their relief.

In their full view over the entrance of the valley, there were written in letters of gold the following words:—"Bear ye one another's burdens."

Now I saw, in my vision, that many of the travellers hurried on without stopping to read this inscription, and others, though they had once read it, yet paid little or no attention to it. A third sort thought it very good advice for other people, but very seldom applied it to themselves. They uniformly desired to avail themselves of the assistance which by this injunction others were bound to offer them, but seldom considered that the obligation was mutual, and that reciprocal wants and reciprocal services formed the string cord in the bond of charity. In short, I saw, that too many of these people were of opinion that they had burdens enough of their own, and there was therefore no occasion to take upon them those of others; so each tried to make his own load as light, and his own journey as pleasant as he could, without so much as once casting a thought on a poor overloaded neighbour. Here, however, I have to make a rather singular remark, by which I shall plainly show the folly of these selfish people. It was so ordered and contrived by the Lord of the valley, that if any one stretched out his hand to help his neighbour's burden, in fact he never failed to find that he at that moment also lightened his own. Besides, the benefit of helping each other was as mutual as the obligation. If a man helped his neighbour, it commonly happened that some other neighbour came by and by, and helped him in his turn; for there was no such thing as what was called independence in the whole valley. Not one of all these travellers, however stout and strong, could move on comfortably without assistance, for so the Lord of the valley, whose laws were all of them kind and good, had expressly ordained.

I stood still to watch the progress of these poor wayfaring people, who moved slowly on, like so many ticket-porters, with burdens of various kinds on their backs; of which some were heavier and some were lighter, but from a burden of one kind or other not one traveller was entirely free. There might be some difference in the degree, and some distinction in the nature, but exemption there was none.

The Widow.—A sorrowful widow, oppressed with the burden of grief for the loss of an affectionate husband, moved heavily on; and would have been bowed down by her heavy load, had not the surviving children, with great alacrity, stepped forward and supported her. Their kindness after awhile so much lightened the load, which threatened at first to be intolerable, that she even went on her way with cheerfulness, and more than repaid their help, by applying the strength she derived from it to their future assistance.

The Husband.—I next saw a poor old man tottering under a burden so heavy that I expected him every moment to sink under it. I peeped into his pack, and saw it was made up of many sad articles. There was poverty, oppression, debt, and what made by far the heaviest part, undutiful children. I was wondering how it was he got on even so well as he did, till I spied his wife, a kind, meek, Christian woman, who was doing her utmost to assist him. She quietly got behind, gently laid her shoulder to the burden, and carried a much larger portion of it than appeared to me when I was at a distance.—It was not the smallest part of the benefit, that she was anxious to conceal it. She not only sustained him by her strength, but cheered him by her counsels. She told him that "through much tribulation we must enter into rest," that "he who overcometh shall inherit all things." In short, she supported his fainting spirit, so that he was enabled to "run with patience the race which was set before him."

The Kind Neighbour.—An infirm, blind woman, was creeping forward with a very heavy burden, in which were packed sickness and want, with numberless others of those raw materials out of which human misery is worked up. She was so weak that she could not have got on at all, had it not been for the kind assistance of another woman almost as poor as herself; who, though she had no light burden of her own, cheer-

fully lent a helping hand to a fellow traveller who was still more heavily laden. This friend had indeed little or nothing to give, but the very voice of kindness is soothing to the weary. And I remarked in many other cases, that it was not so much the degree of help afforded, as the manner of helping, that lightened the burdens. Some had a coarse, rough, clumsy way of assisting a neighbour, which, though in fact it might be of real use, yet seemed, by galling the traveller, to add to the load it was intended to lighten; while I observed in others that so cheap a kindness as a mild word, or even an affectionate look, made a poor burdened wretch move on cheerily. The bare feeling that some human being cared for him seemed to lighten the load. But to return to this kind neighbour:—She had a little old book in her hand, the covers of which were worn out by much use. When she saw the blind woman ready to faint, she would read her a few words out of this book, such as the following: “Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.” “Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.” “I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.” “For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.” These quickened the pace, and sustained the spirits of the blind traveller; and the kind neighbour, by thus directing the attention of the poor sufferer to the blessings of a better world, helped to enable her to sustain the afflictions of this, more effectually than if she had had gold and silver to bestow on her.

The Clergyman.—A pious minister, sinking under the weight of a distressed parish, whose worldly wants he was totally unable to bear, was suddenly relieved by a charitable person, who came up and took all the sick and hungry on his shoulders as his part of the load. The burden of the parish, thus divided, became tolerable. The minister, being no longer bowed down by the temporal distresses of his people, applied himself cheerfully to his own part of the weight. And it was pleasant to see how these two persons, neither of them very strong, or rich, or healthy, by thus kindly uniting together, were enabled to bear the weight of a whole parish, though singly either of them must have sunk under the attempt. And I remember one great grief I felt during my whole journey was, that I did not see more of this union and concurring kindness, more of this acting in concert, by which all the burdens might have been so easily divided. It troubled me to observe, that of all the laws of the valley, there was not one more frequently broken than the law of kindness.

AFFECTING INCIDENT.—When Dr. Hutton was Bishop of Durham (as we are told by his biographer,) and as he was travelling over Cam, betwixt Wensleydale and Ingleton, he suddenly dismounted, and, having delivered his horse to a servant, walked to a particular place at some distance from the highway, where he kneeled down and continued for some time in prayer. On his return, one of his attendants took the liberty of inquiring what was his master’s motive for so singular an act; in answer to which, the Bishop informed him, that when he was a poor boy, without shoes or stockings, traversing this cold and bleak mountain on a frosty day, he remembered that he had disturbed a red cow, then lying on that identical place, in order to warm his feet and legs on the spot.—*Whitaker’s History of Richmondshire.*

Theological Discussions.

[For the Banner of the Covenant.]

THE INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

[Continued from page 71.]

But the question presents itself, have there been any men who have possessed divine inspiration? The writers of the Scriptures are to be regarded as claiming it; can their claim be admitted, and their writings be considered as a revelation from God? We observe then,

1. That such a claim has *nothing in itself absurd*. If it be admitted that there is a God, and that it is important for man to know His will—if it be granted that all other sources of knowledge of which we may avail ourselves are insufficient;—if, as none certainly will deny, God is able to communicate His will to His creatures:—then

there is no absurdity in supposing that there have been men who have been divinely inspired.

2. A claim to divine inspiration has *not* been *uncommon*. We find in ancient times nearly all lawgivers and philosophers asserted that they held communication with the Deity. Now while we believe that, in most instances, these claims were unfounded, yet, the fact that they were made by the wisest of men, shows that there was nothing repugnant to reason in such an assumption, and also that there was an acknowledged necessity for such a thing. Indeed it goes far to prove that there must have been such a thing, for while the most of these claims were fictitious, yet, if there had never been any *true* revelation, it is not at all likely there would have been any *false* claims to it; as there would be no *counterfeit* notes if there were none that were *genuine*. Had there not been sufficient evidence to satisfy the minds of men that, in some cases, there was such a thing as *divine inspiration*, all pretensions to it, if any such would be made, would be denounced and rejected.

More, however, much more, is necessary to satisfy the serious and inquiring mind. When a man claims to be inspired, we are not to believe him simply because such a claim is not absurd in itself or unusual in the history of mankind. If so, we would be the credulous victims of any impostor. Positive proof is necessary. When God requires us to believe that a man is inspired, He gives to that man the means to furnish evidences of the truth of his claim.

The *proofs* by which we may be satisfied of the justness of a claim to divine inspiration are the following:—

1. *Miracles*. The performance of miracles by those who claimed divine inspiration is an evidence that their claim was just. Without considering at length what a miracle is, we may regard it as admitted by all that it requires *supernatural or divine* power. When then we find certain persons working miracles, we are authorized to believe that the message they confirm by them is true, for we cannot think that God would set the seal of His approbation to a lie. It may indeed be objected that wicked men or devils have wrought miracles. In reply we observe, that either the thing considered a miracle was an ocular deception, or a feat of legerdemain, which might, by applying proper tests, have been detected so that none would be deceived by it who would duly examine it; or it really did confirm the message it was adduced to prove: for as no miracle can be performed without divine permission, when performed it establishes the divine sanction. It is probable that Judas, as well as the other disciples, wrought miracles, and these miracles were a confirmation of the truth of what he stated. And this is the test presented in the Scriptures themselves. Moses was to evidence his commission by the miracles he was to perform. Christ calls on the Jews to believe Him for the works He had done, and gives His disciples power to perform miracles to attest their divine commission.

But have miracles ever been performed? Unless we will set aside the most credible testimony, they have been. We will refer at present only to two which we consider as confirming the truth of the Old and New Testaments respectively. In regard to the former, we would mention the division of the Red Sea by Moses. Here was something which it required divine power to effect: taken in connexion with the

time and circumstances in which it occurred, none can consider it as accidental or fortuitous; it was something, in regard to which, from the number who witnessed it, and the results from it, there could have been no deception. It was established by the testimony of a whole nation, the Israelites, who received as true the book in which it was recorded, written at the time the events occurred, and not when the memory of them might have become obscured. And it is confirmed by the allusions to it which are found in the Egyptian annals and in various heathen authors.

But it may be said, that although it is admitted that this was a miracle, and that it actually occurred, does it follow that the writings which recorded it are divinely inspired? To this we answer, that this miracle was wrought in connexion with the religious system which these writings revealed, developed, and upheld: it was a confirmation of that system with which these writings are inseparably connected. If it be admitted, it confirms the divine commission of Moses, it establishes the truth of the religion he announced and the writings by which it was made known.

We refer to another miracle, the feeding five thousand persons by the Lord Jesus Christ. In this, also, divine power was necessary; this too was attested by the evidence of a great multitude of witnesses. It confirms the claims of our Saviour as the Messenger of God, and His authority confirms that of His disciples speaking in His name.

2. *Prophecy.* Prophecy is another proof of the possession of divine inspiration. Such are the changes and unexpected events daily occurring, that even the most sagacious cannot predict with entire certainty the events of the shortest period of time. If now there be persons who can foretell, with absolute accuracy and in great minuteness, events distant centuries or even thousands of years, those who possess a power so plainly supernatural are *inspired* men. Have there ever been such persons?

To show that there have been, we quote some of the predictions made in the Old Testament respecting the Jewish nation, and some of those in the New Testament, respecting the Anti-Christian hierarchy, comparing with them, in the former case, the statements of infidel historians or travellers, and in the latter case referring to the well known history of the Romish Church. And it is worthy of remark, that the enemies of the truth are its librarians, that the Jews preserved the sacred records of the Old Testament, and the Romanists those of the New, and it is strong evidence that these records have not been altered or corrupted when we find them condemning those who keep them.

But to proceed; in the Old Testament, we quote from Keith's "Demonstration of the Truth of the Christian Religion," in which passages of the Bible predicting the fate of the Jewish nations, are placed in contrast with passages from Volney, Gibbon, and other writers, to show how exact has been the fulfilment of the declarations of the inspired prophets.

Your land, *strangers* devour it in your presence, and it is desolate, as overthrown by strangers, *Isa.* i. 7.

"Within two thousand five hundred years we may reckon ten invasions which have introduced into Syria a *succession* of *foreign* nations."—*Volney's Travels*, vol. i., p. 356.

The robbers shall enter into and defile it, *Ezek. vii.*, 22.

"The government is far from disapproving a system of robbery and plunder."—*Ib.*, p. 381.

The holy places shall be defiled.

"The holy places were polluted with the monuments of idolatry."—*Gib. Hist.*, vol. iv., p. 100. The Mosque of Omar now stands on the site of the Temple of Solomon."

Zion shall be ploughed over like a field, *Jer. xxvi.*, 18. *Micah iii.*, 12.

"After the final destruction of the temple by the arms of Titus and Hadrian, a ploughshare was drawn over the consecrated ground as a sign of perpetual interdiction."—*Gibbon, ibid.* "At the time when I visited this sacred spot (Mount Zion), one part of it supported a crop of barley, another was undergoing the labour of the plough."—*Mic. iii.*, 12. *Richardson's Travels.*

I will bring the land into desolation; and your enemies which dwell therein shall be astonished at it, *Levit. xxxvi.*, 32. Every one that passeth thereby shall be astonished, *Jer. xviii.*, 6.

"So feeble a population in so excellent a country may well excite our astonishment; but this will be increased if we compare the present number of inhabitants with that of ancient times."—*Volney's Trav.*, vol. ii., p. 366.

I will destroy your high places and bring your sanctuaries into desolation, *Levit. xxvi.*, 30, 31. *Amos ii.*, 5.

"The temples are thrown down,

"The palaces demolished,

"The ports filled up,

"The towns destroyed,

"And the earth, stripped of inhabitants,

"Seems a dreary burying-place."*—*Volney's Ruins*, c. ii., p. 8.

"The earth produces only briars and wormwood."—*Volney's Ruins*, p. 9.

"At every step we meet with ruins of towers, dungeons and castles with fosses, frequently inhabited by jackalls, owls, and scorpions."—*Volney's Travels*, vol. ii., p. 336.

The palaces shall be forsaken, *Isa. xxxii.*, 14.

I will destroy the remnant of the sea-coast, *Ezek. xxv.*, 16.

I will make your cities waste, *Lev. xxvi.*, 31.

Few men left, *Isa. xxiv.*, 6.

Upon the land of my people shall come up thorns and briars, *Isa. xxxii.*, 13.

The forts and towers shall be for dens for ever, *Isa. v.*, 14.

The city that went out by a thousand shall leave a hundred, *Amos v.*, 3.

"A tract from which a hundred individuals draw a scanty subsistence formerly maintained thousands."—*Pierre Belo, quoted by Malte-Brun.*

LEBANON is ashamed and hewn down, *Isa. xxxiii.*, 9. The forest of the vintage is come down, *Zech. xi.*, 3. The high ones of stature shall be hewn down, &c., *Isa. x.*, 33.

"Among the crags of the rocks (on Lebanon) may be seen the no very magnificent remains of the boasted cedars."—*Volney's Travels*, vol. i., p. 292.

The rest of the trees of his forest shall be few; that a child may write them, *Isa. x.*, 19.

"There are but four or five of these trees which deserve any notice."—*Volney's Travels*, i., p. 292.

O ye that dwell in Moab, leave the cities, and dwell in the rock, and be like the dove, that maketh her nest in the sides of the hole's mouth, *Jer. xlviii.*, 28.

"The wretched peasants retire among the rocks which border upon the Dead Sea."—*Volney's Travels*, vol. ii., p. 331. "There are many families living in caverns"—"inhabitants of the rocks."—*Seetzen's Travels*, p. 26. "There are many artificial caves in a large range of perpendicular cliffs, in some of which are chambers and small sleeping apartments."—*Captains Irby and Mangles' Travels*, p. 473.

These extracts might be greatly multiplied, but we refer our readers

* In this single sentence, without the addition or exception of a word, Volney thus clearly and unconsciously shows the fulfilment of no less than six predictions.

to the work itself, which is one of the most interesting treatises on the evidences of our holy religion we have ever met with.

We may ask, then, did not the men who could predict such events so minutely and so accurately centuries before they occurred, possess divine inspiration? Can any one suppose that this remarkable correspondence was merely the result of guess-work? How has it happened that they have been *always* right, that they have been *never* wrong?

In the New Testament we refer to the prophecies concerning Anti-Christ. It is admitted that the Roman Church, as such, did not exist in the days of the apostles, when the New Testament was written. Now, we find in that Book predictions that after the Roman Empire had disappeared there should be a great apostacy in the Christian Church; that the principal seat of this apostacy should be in the city of Rome; that among the features distinguishing it should be the celibacy of the clergy, abstaining from meats, a claim of jurisdiction over the civil powers, and their submission, for a time, to that claim; a change of feeling in regard to the character of the apostacy, a separation from it and the re-establishment of Christian Truth; a severe and protracted struggle between the two systems: the gradual though temporary revival of the system of error, its subsequent subversion and its final overthrow. Let this be compared with the past history, the present condition, and the prospective fate of the Papal Church, and will it not be regarded as a faithful outline? The man who could make such predictions must have been *inspired*.

3. The *character of the claimants* of inspiration must have an influence on our assent to their claim. Now it is universally admitted that the writers of the Old and New Testaments who claimed inspiration, were men of superior moral worth. Their history displays a candour, honesty and integrity, which cause the conviction that they were not deceivers. There is evidently no attempt at dissimulation, there seems even to have been no idea that any could suspect them of being impostors.

4. The *circumstances* in which they were placed is an argument in support of their claim. In general, they had every thing of worldly good to lose, and nothing of worldly good to gain, by their claim to divine inspiration. They delivered, in most instances, unpalatable truths; they denounced those things which men most love; they required those things which men naturally and generally hate. What could induce them to asseverate such a claim, had it not been true?

5. *Reductio ad absurdum*. It may be added to the above that when the message delivered is such as in all its bearings and tendencies, is calculated to discourage vice and promote virtue, we are irresistibly led to consider the men who delivered it to be *good* men, and if so, persons who would not *deceive* us. The same fountain will not send forth sweet waters and bitter; men do not gather from the fig-tree grapes, or from the thorn figs. If the writers of the Bible were *bad*, they would not have written so *good* a book; if *good* men, they would not claim to be inspired if they were not. Hence we conclude that "all scripture is given by the inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

Historical Sketches.

REVIVAL AT THE KIRK OF SHOTTS, SCOTLAND.—JUNE, A. D. 1630.

The honour of originating this Revival was reserved, not to the minister of the parish, though a good man, but to one of those faithful servants who suffered for their non-conformity to the innovations of the time; the Lord thus signally accomplishing his word, "Them that honour me, I will honour." The circumstances which led to this Revival were the following. Some ladies of rank who had occasion to travel that way, had received civilities at different times from Mr. Hance, the minister of Shotts; and on one occasion when their carriage broke down near the manse, he kindly invited them to alight, and remain till it was repaired. During their stay they noticed that the house was much dilapidated, and in return for his attentions, they got a new manse erected for him in a better situation. Mr. Hance, on receiving so substantial a favour, waited on the ladies to thank them, and wished to know if there was any thing he could do to testify his gratitude. It is pleasing to know that at this time as well as afterwards, the noblest of the daughters of Scotland distinguished themselves by their zeal in the cause of religion. These ladies loved the gospel, and the persecuted ministers who were contending for its purity. They therefore gladly seized the opportunity of asking Mr. Hance to invite such of them as they named, to assist at the sacrament, that they might enjoy the benefit of their ministrations, and afford to others an opportunity of partaking in a privilege at this time rarely enjoyed. The minister gladly consented; and information of it spreading abroad, an immense concourse of people gathered from all parts to attend the dispensation of the ordinance, which was fixed for Sabbath, the 20th of June, 1630.

Among the ministers invited on this occasion, at the request of these ladies, was the noble and venerable champion, Robert Bruce of Kinnaird, who was still able to preach with his wonted majesty and authority, and John Livingston, chaplain to the Countess of Wigton, who was afterwards settled some time in Ireland, but who at present was only a preacher, and about 27 years of age. Much of the spirit of light and love was imparted during the services of the communion sabbath; and so filled were the communicants with the joy and peace which they had experienced, that, instead of retiring to rest, they joined together in small companies and spent the whole night in devotional exercises.

It had not been usual before this time to have service on the Monday after the dispensation of the Lord's Supper; but God had vouchsafed so much of his gracious presence on the preceding days of this solemnity, that they knew not how to part on this Monday without thanksgiving and praise. John Livingston was with much difficulty prevailed on to preach the sermon. In the memoirs of his life, written by himself, he gives the following memorandum in reference to his discourse: "The only day in all my life wherein I found most of the presence of God in preaching, was on a Monday after the communion, preaching in the church-yard of Shotts, June 21st, 1630. The night before I had been with some Christians, who spent the night in prayer and conference. When I was alone in the fields, about eight or nine of the clock in the morning, before we were to go to sermon, there came such a misgiving of spirit upon me, considering my unworthiness and weakness, and the multitude and expectation of the people, that I was consulting with my-

self to have stolen away somewhere and declined that day's preaching, but that I thought I durst not so far distrust God, and so went to sermon, and got good assistance about an hour and a half upon the points which I had meditated on: 'Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh.' (Ezekiel xxxvi. 25, 26.) And in the end, offering to close with some words of exhortation, I was led on about an hour's time, in a strain of exhortation and warning, with such liberty and melting of heart, as I never had the like in public all my lifetime."

To this sermon, under the blessing of God, no less than five hundred people ascribed their conversion. And in gratitude for such a remarkable token of the divine countenance on this day, the Church of Scotland has ever since devoted a part of the Monday after a Communion Sabbath to the duty of public thanksgiving.—*McCrie's Sketches, Vol. I, p. 191*

Poetry.

[For the Banner of the Covenant.]

VISION AND DEATH OF MOSES.

BY W. ALEXANDER, A. M., (AUTHOR OF THE CHRISTIAD.)

"And Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the Mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah that is over against Jericho; and the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan."

I.

On Mount Pisgah's airy summit lo! the meek old prophet stands,
And around him closely circling are the fair celestial bands;
Their swift wings brightly glistening, their sweet faces all serene,
Like to his when on Mount Sinai, he for forty days had been.

II.

But with eye, as yet far-seeing, he the vision can behold,
Of that Canaan, type of heaven, where the fields, all like to gold,
Lie just ready for the sickle of the Mower Israel nigh;
And where milk and honey flowing in full streams pass also by.

III.

Lo! proud Salem's purple towers all burst on his raptured sight,
With old Jordan's rolling waters, too, which cause so sweet delight,
And high Lebanon's tall cedars, which he longed so much to see;
With fair Carmel, Tabor, Bashan hills, and far off Galilee.

IV.

His all-glorious vision over, now the prophet sank in death,
And mid Angel arms encircling him, breathed out his latest breath;
Then to Moab's plains they bear him, on their shoulders is his bier;
And while in the grave they lay him, falls the tributary tear.

V.

But the Seraph Michael struggled with proud Satan for his soul,
And smote back the rebel angel whom he hath in his control;
Yet no mortal knows the grave-spot of the prophet to this day,
Where the bright-winged Seraphs carried him and sang his funeral lay.

For the Young.

[For the Banner of the Covenant.]

CLOUDS.

"O, mother! mother, just come and see the beautiful clouds! They are so pretty. Do come quickly for fear they go away!" said a little girl to her mother, as she pulled her from her work to the door, to see a beautiful sight, which had never before attracted her attention so completely.

The mother went to the door, pleased with the joy of her child.

"See, mother," said Louisa, "the sun is just going down, and the clouds are all shining with purple, and gold, and every bright colour. O, how I wish that I could live in such a place!"

Mother. "Yes, my child, they are very beautiful, and we may learn many useful and pleasant lessons from them."

Louisa. "What, mother, learn lessons from the clouds! I thought that no one but the teacher could make us learn lessons."

M. "Yes, Louisa, there is not a thing which God has made, that will not teach us, if we will only listen to it. Do you not remember that verse you were learning yesterday, 'The heavens declare God's glory, the skies teach his handiworks?'"

L. "But, mother, do the clouds talk to people? I never heard them. How do they teach us?"

M. "You do not *hear* a book talk, yet you can learn a lesson from it, and know what it says as well as if some one would speak to you and tell you the same thing. In the Bible you can read about God, and in the clouds you can read of him. The Christian 'sees God in the clouds.'"

L. "Mother, I thought the Bible said, that no one could see God. How then can we see him in the clouds? How can they teach us about God?"

M. "We see what God has made, and what he does, and thus we know something of what he is. But you ask me what we can learn about God from the clouds. Can you tell me what they are made for?"

L. "Why to look at, I suppose, are they not, mother?"

M. "Well, that is one thing. You love to see them decked in such gaudy colours, taking such various shapes, and when you look at them, you are happy. If I would fill your room some day with beautiful things which would please you, what would you think of me?"

L. "Why mother, I would say that you are very good and kind, and I would try and love you more every day."

M. "If such things would make you feel and say that your mother is kind do not these bright clouds which delight us so much, teach us that our Father in heaven is kind, and that we ought to love him?"

L. "O, mother, I never thought before that God made these bright clouds to please us, and make us happy. How good God is to us."

M. "Yes, my child, but the clouds are of more use than to look at. If we had no clouds we should have no rain. They are composed of water."

L. "What, mother! the clouds made of water! They look more like feathers."

M. "Yes, Louisa, those bright clouds, which you say look like feathers, are made up of little particles of water, so small that they float in the air, and very many of them make a cloud, and when the sun shines on these little balls of water as he goes down, his rays are reflected back to our eyes, causing us to see those various, bright, beautiful colours."

L. "Why I never knew before that the clouds were made of water."

M. "Do you not remember how dark and black the heavens grew to-day before the rain, and how after awhile the big drops, causing every thing to grow and look fresh and more lovely than before. If we had no clouds, we would have no rain. So we see how good God is in making the clouds water the earth, causing it to blossom and bear fruit."

L. "O, mother, I never knew before how much good those big black clouds do. I will not dislike them any more, because, they show how kind God is."

M. "The snow too comes from the clouds, and in winter, when the cold is severe, it keeps the little root and seed in the ground warm, so that they are not killed. So you see that God keeps the clouds in the heavens, until he sees that we need them, and then he sends them as snow and rain to us. There are other things which the clouds tell us about God: but I have not time now to talk to you of them. You must think about them, and see if you cannot find them out yourself."

L. "What teachers the clouds are! They talk to us whenever we will listen."

M. "Yes, my child, they teach us many lessons too, as to what we should do. They do the will of God, and in this way *praise* him. Do you remember that beautiful Psalm, in which David says:

"Praise ye Jehovah, from the earth,
Dragons, and every deep,
Fire, hail, *snow*, *vapour*, *stormy wind*,
His word that fully keep?"

L. "O yes, and David says that *we* should praise him too."

M. "Yes, Louisa, and the clouds teach us *to be kind and to do good*, and make others happy. They put on their beautiful colours, and please our eye, and distil the showers, and pour out the rain, causing the grass to grow and the flowers to bloom freshly. They make every thing look happy, doing good to all. Let us try and be like them, and make those around us happy, and while we do good to others, we become like our Saviour, and ourselves will be happy. The clouds are not selfish.—They do not gather their drops to *keep them*.—If they did, they would always look *black and gloomy*; but they give them to the dry earth, and make it glad, and then they look bright and cheerful. Riches hoarded up, and not used to do good, make their possessors gloomy and unhappy; but if employed for doing good, and scattered as the cloud scatters its drops, they are blessings to all who have or receive them."

L. "O mother, I wish I was rich, so that I could scatter money like the big cloud does its drops."

M. "My child, you can, even though you are not rich, do good, and contribute to the happiness of others. Kind *words* and *kind actions*, as the little drops to the scorched flower, bring joy and life to the sad heart. This every one can do. If some have riches and can do more than others, they should do it and be thankful that they have the opportunity, and are by the blessing of God made able to bless others. Commence, Louisa, to do good now, and hereafter when you look at the clouds, think of these lessons which they teach concerning God, and our duty to our fellow beings. And, my child, remember that the only way to be happy, is to *do our duty*."

OCCUPATION FOR CHILDREN.

The habits of children prove that occupation is a necessity with most of them. They love to be busy, even about nothing; still more to be usefully employed. Children should be encouraged, if inclined to do it, or, if not inclined, should be disciplined, into performing for themselves every little office which they are capable of performing. They should also keep their own clothes and other articles in neat order, and fetch for themselves whatever they want; in short, they should learn to be as independent of the services of others as possible, fitting them alike to make a good use of prosperity, or to meet with fortitude any reverse of fortune that may befall them.

Irish Correspondence.

THE IRISH PRESBYTERIAN MISSION.

IN our last No. we published a very interesting account of the present condition of the Missionary operations of the Irish Presbyterian Church among the native Roman Catholic population.

A letter from Dr. Dill to Mr. Stuart, which has been put into our hands, after giving substantially the same account of the success which has been vouchsafed to the exertions made, proceeds to refer to the critical condition in which the enterprise is now placed, and appeals to the benevolence of American Christians on its behalf. This appeal we hope will not be disregarded. Those who have already contributed, we trust, will give a little more, were it only to secure the successful operation of what they have already expended, while those who have had as yet no share in so good a work should certainly embrace the opportunity to aid it. The condition of unhappy Ireland should excite our deepest sympathy.

“In the mysterious providence of God, this great and good work is in danger of being arrested. I fear the worst in regard to another year of famine. During the last three weeks I have travelled through a portion of each province in Ireland, and lament to say, that the potato fields are almost every where blighted. Alas! what is to become of this land? This will be the fourth year of famine. Is not such a prolonged calamity enough to prostrate any land? Then what must be its effects on a country which was exhausted and fainting before it commenced. Are we doomed, like Egypt, to seven years’ dearth, without Egypt’s mercy of seven years’ plenty? Especially are we distressed at the danger that impends over our mission. What is to become of our children? They prefer to stay at our schools on *one meal in the day* to going into the poor-house; for there they must either submit to be taught by the priest’s orders what they believe to be false, or else endure the most dreadful persecution. But already gaunt hunger has begun to drive them thither, and threatens to continue so to do—and thus, unless we get some relief for them, the goodly fruit of this wonderful mission is in danger of being blasted when just beginning to ripen. Mr. Allen, our amiable superintendent in Connaught, has published a circular to our friends in Great Britain and Ireland, stating the perilous position in which our mission there now stands. He has urged me to enclose a few copies to our friends in America. Their recent kindness makes me most unwilling to do so—and yet the dread of seeing our great work suffer makes me hesitate to decline. What should I do? There may be some into whose heart God may put it to send us something if they knew the difficulties of our case. If you think so, perhaps the best way would be to publish in your leading journals a brief notice of the state of matters, and say how thankfully we will receive any donations of corn or money; and for such a purpose you are at liberty to make what use of this letter you please. Mr. Allen states that one cent’s worth of Indian-meal in the day to each scholar would be all he would require, that is, that a school of 100 children can be kept together by one dollar’s worth of food in the day, or, seven dollar’s worth in the week.”

THE CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF IRELAND.

The following extracts from a letter from a respected minister of the Irish Presbyterian church will be found well worthy of perusal. The allusion at the close to the fathers of our own church manifests a feeling of respect and kindness which we rejoice to reciprocate. We do indeed, as a church, owe much to Ireland. When we look over the list of our ministers, we can say of some of the most eminent among them, "This man and that man was born *there*." Three, of the four missionaries whom our church has sent out, are natives of that country, and how many of the members of our congregations in all parts of the land claim it as their birth-place. "We are debtors" to Ireland, and should disdain to deny it. "A nation peeled and spoiled," as she has been, it has been hard for her to show her excellence. From the character developed by many of her sons, who landed upon our shores, penniless, forlorn, despised, and opposed, and yet have risen to affluence, and respectability, and influence, we may judge what her whole population would be if the causes which have crushed her ceased to operate, and the favourable circumstances in which we are placed existed there. Ireland then should have our respect, our affection, our sympathies, our contributions, and our prayers.

MY DEAR BOTHER,—The times in which we live are very eventful, and I am ready often to ask, what am I, what is our church, doing for Christ's cause? It is a time of great changes in the Irish congregations. Many once comfortable are reduced to great distress and perplexity. Many leaving their native land not knowing whither they go, and a great many more unable from poverty to remove as they would wish. It should surely be subject of serious inquiry, how far this state of things has been occasioned by abuse of privileges. The north of Ireland has been a favoured land, but a mysterious change is now passing over it which few seem to understand. The aristocracy of the country are fast breaking down. Respect for their rank and favour giving place to strong dissatisfaction with them, if not positive aversion to their former position. Resentment on their part assuming the form of recklessness, and every man inquiring what is going to be. In agricultural districts where manufactures do not prevail, land has ceased to be considered of any value and in consequence, landlord influence abated in proportion. How far this may contribute to dispose men to think and act independently it is hard to say; its tendency is, however, in that direction, and oh! how much is the gospel needed to give proper tone to the mind, and keep public feeling in a proper channel. The present excitement may be productive of great good to the state of society in this land if our Lord, give grace to be faithful to those who are the spiritual directors of the people. Hence, I apprehend there never was a time since the Reformation, when the Christian ministers of Ireland more needed the prayers of the Lord's remembrancers. The progress of the gospel in men's hearts was greatly hindered here by the fictitious state of society. The mass of the community were taught to pay more respect to rank than moral worth—even the vices practised by persons of rank were imitated without any testimony against them, and the

lower orders demoralized by the higher. Men, even to rule in the church, must have rank before piety, and the value of holiness was considered doubtful. Feudalism, as if it had not done enough of evil in the world without, must assume an ecclesiastical garb, and pomp and ceremony must disfigure and conceal the simplicity of the gospel. Alas! such has been the history of Satan's device to keep poor sinners from Christ. If such is soon to be removed, perhaps the All-wise God is acting like the man that removes the pinnings that the greater stones may fall. Doubtless he can, at all events overrule for good the present state of things in Ireland, and will, in answer to prayer. It is truly comforting to reflect that he sits King on the floods, and ever shall sit.

I learn by the Banner of the Covenant (which by your kindness I duly receive) that your church has lost one of its bright ornaments, a father and a great man in Israel, in the death of Dr. Black. By such an event the Head sometimes not only chastens and warns but revives a church. Many have been enabled to view the lamented death of Dr. Chalmers in this way, and to suppose that the Free Church of Scotland enjoyed his labours till his plans for her future regulation were somewhat matured, and then the halo of his death was permitted to be thrown around them, that they might be all the more carefully attended to by survivors. One cannot however restrain the expression, when our Elijahs go up, "My father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof." Ireland did much for America in raising up for her her Blacks and Wylies. I hope, in the day of Ireland's need, when she must pass to a regenerated state through great tribulation, (and may it be soon!) America's prayers and sons will come to her help, and give back multiplied blessings.

I am willing to embrace Dr. McLeod's view, that America will be exempted from the sufferings which are to fall on the seat of the beast, and to suppose that preparations are being made for her taking her place on the Lord's side in the coming struggle. Does not the manner in which Dr. B.'s death seems to have been felt and acknowledged throughout the church indicate an appreciation of good which can be made largely available in any great spiritual undertaking? That state in Israel is deplorable indeed, and vice versa, when "the prophets fail and none lament."

Miscellaneous.

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We transfer to our pages the last lecture of a series, which has just been published, by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn, Long Island, N. Y., with an introduction by Rev. H. B. Taylor, of Evans, Erie County, N. Y. There is in this lecture so much well-timed reproof, and administered in such an original and striking style of thought and diction, that we doubt not it will interest and edify the reader.—ED.

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.—Prov. i. 10.

HE who is allured to embrace evil under some engaging form of beauty, or seductive appearance of good, is enticed. A man is *tempted* to what he knows to be sinful; he is *enticed* where the evil appears to

be innocent. The enticer wins his way by bewildering the moral sense, setting false lights ahead of the imagination, painting disease with the hues of health, making impurity to glow like innocence, strewing the broad road with flowers; lulling its travellers with soothing music, hiding all its chasms, covering its pitfalls, and closing its long perspective with the mimic glow of paradise.

The young are seldom tempted to outright wickedness; evil comes to them as an enticement. The honest generosity and fresh heart of youth would revolt from open meanness and undisguised vice. The adversary conforms his wiles to their nature.

He tempts them to the basest deeds by beginning with innocent ones, gliding to more exceptionable, and finally, to positively wicked ones. All our warnings then must be against the vernal beauty of vice. Its autumn and winter none wish. It is my purpose to describe the enticement of particular men upon the young.

Every youth knows that there are dangerous men abroad who would injure him by lying, by slander, by over-reaching and plundering him. From such they have little to fear, because they are upon their guard. Few imagine that they have any thing to dread from those who have no designs against them; yet such is the instinct of imitation, so insensibly does the example of men steal upon us and warp our conduct to their likeness, that the young often receive a deadly injury from men with whom they never spoke. As all bodies in nature give out or receive caloric until there is an equilibrium of temperature, so there is a radiation of character upon character. Our thoughts, our tastes, our emotions, our partialities, our prejudices, and finally, our conduct and habits, are insensibly changed by the silent influence of men who never once directly tempted us, or even knew the effect which they produced. I shall draw for your inspection some of those dangerous men, whose open or silent enticement has availed against thousands, and will be exerted upon thousands more.

I. THE WIT. It is sometimes said by phlegmatic theologians that Christ never laughed, but often wept. I shall not quarrel with the assumption. I only say that men have within them a faculty of mirthfulness which God created. I suppose it was meant for use. Those who do not feel the impulsion of this faculty, are not the ones to sit in judgment upon those who do. It would be very absurd for an owl in an ivy bush, to read lectures on optics to an eagle; or for a mole to counsel a lynx on the sin of sharp-sightedness. He is divinely favoured who may trace a silver vein in all the affairs of life; see sparkles of light in the gloomiest scenes; and absolute radiance in those which are bright. There are in the clouds ten thousand inimitable forms and hues to be found nowhere else; there are in plants and trees beautiful shapes and endless varieties of colour; there are in flowers minute pencillings of exquisite shade; in fruits a delicate bloom,—like a veil, making the face of beauty more beautiful; sporting among the trees, and upon the flowers, are tiny insects—gems which glow like living diamonds. Ten thousand eyes stare full upon these things and see nothing; and yet thus the Divine Artist has finished his matchless work. Thus, too, upon all the labours of life, the events of each hour, the course of good or evil; upon each action, or word, or attitude, upon all the endless changes transpiring among myriads of men, there is a delicate grace, or bloom, or sparkle, or radiance, which catches the

eye of wit, and delights it with appearances which are, to the weightier matters of life, what odours, colours, and symmetry, are to the marketable and commercial properties of matter.

A mind imbued with this feeling is full of dancing motes, such as we see moving in sunbeams when they pour through some shutter into a dark room; and when the sights and conceptions of wit are uttered in words, they diffuse upon others that pleasure whose brightness shines upon its own cheerful imagination.

It is not strange that the wit is a universal favourite. All companies rejoice in his presence, watch for his words, repeat his language. He moves like a comet whose incomings and outgoings are uncontrollable. He astonishes the regular stars with the eccentricity of his orbit, and flirts his long tail athwart the heaven without the slightest misgivings that it will be troublesome, and coquets the very sun with audacious familiarity. When wit is unperverted, it lightens labour, makes the very face of care to shine, diffuses cheerfulness among men, multiplies the sources of harmless enjoyment, gilds the dark things of life, and heightens the lustre of the brightest. If perverted, wit becomes an instrument of malevolence, it gives a deceitful colouring to vice, it reflects a semblance of truth upon error, and distorts the features of real truth by false lights.

The Wit is liable to indolence by relying upon his genius; to vanity, by the praise which is offered as incense; to malignant sarcasm, to revenge his affronts; to dissipation, from the habit of exhilaration, and from the company which court him. The *mere* Wit is only a human bauble. He is to life what bells are to horses, not expected to draw the load, but only to jingle while the horses draw.

The young often repine at their own native dulness; and since God did not choose to endow them with this shining quality, they will make it for themselves. Forthwith they are smitten with the itch of imitation. Their ears purvey to their mouth the borrowed jest; their eyes note the Wit's fashion, and the awkward youth clumsily apes, in a side circle, the Wit's deft and graceful gesture, the smooth smile, the roguish twinkle, the sly look—much as Caliban would imitate Ariel. Every community is supplied with self-made wits. One retails other men's sharp witticisms, as a Jew puts off thread-bare garments. Another roars over his own brutal quotations of Scripture. Another invents a witticism by a logical deduction of circumstances, and sniffs and giggles over the result as complacently as if other men laughed too. Others lie in wait around your conversation to trip up some word, or strike a light out of some sentence. Others fish in dictionaries for pitiful puns:—and all fulfil the prediction of Isaiah: *Ye shall conceive chaff, and bring forth stubble.*

It becomes a mania. Each school has its allusions, each circle has its apish motion, each companion its park of wit artillery; and we find street-wit, shop-wit, auction-wit, school-wit, fool's-wit, whiskey-wit, stable-wit, and almost every kind of wit, but mother-wit;—puns, quibbles, catches, would-be-jests, thread-bare stories, and gew-gaw tinsel,—every thing but the real *diamond*, which sparkles simply because God made it so that it could not help sparkling. Real, native mirthfulness is like a pleasant rill which quietly wells up in some verdant nook, and steals out from among reeds and willows noiselessly,

and is seen far down the meadow, as much by the fruitfulness of its edges in flowers, as by its own glimmering light.

Let every one beware of the insensible effect of witty men upon him; they gild lies, so that base coin may pass for true; that which is grossly wrong wit may make fascinating; when no argument could persuade you, the coruscations of wit may dazzle and blind you; when duty presses you, the threatenings of this human lightning may make you afraid to do right. Remember that the very *best* office of wit, is only to lighten the serious labours of life; that it is only a torch, by which men may cheer the gloom of a dark way. When it sets up to be your counsellor or your guide, it is the fool's fire, flitting irregularly and leading you into the quag or morass. The great Dramatist represents a witty sprite to have put an ass's head upon a man's shoulders; beware that you do not let this mischievous sprite put an ape's head upon yours.

If God has not given you this quicksilver, no art can make it; nor need you regret it. The stone, the wood, and the iron are a thousand times more valuable to society than pearls and diamonds and rare gems; and *sterling sense*, and *industry*, and *integrity*, are better a thousand times, in the hard work of living, than the brilliance of wit.

II. There is a character which I shall describe as the HUMOURIST. I do not employ the term to designate one who indulges in that pleasantest of all wit—latent wit; but to describe a creature who conceals a coarse animalism under a brilliant, jovial exterior. The dangerous humourist is of a plump condition, evincing the excellent digestion of a good eater, and answering very well to the Psalmist's description: *His eyes stand out with fatness; he is not in trouble as other men are; he has more than heart could wish, and his tongue walketh through the earth.* Whatever is pleasant in ease, whatever is indulgent in morals, whatever is solacing in luxury; the jovial few, the convivial many, the glass, the cards, the revel, and midnight uproar,—these are his delights. His manners are easy and agreeable; his face redolent of fun and good nature; his whole air that of a man fond of the utmost possible bodily refreshment. Withal, he is sufficiently circumspect and secretive of his course, to maintain a place in genteel society, for that is a luxury. He is not a glutton, but a choice eater. He is not a gross drinker, only a gentlemanly consumer of every curious compound of liquor. He has travelled: he can tell you which, in every city, is the best bar, the best restaurateur, the best stable. He knows every theatre, each actor; particularly is he versed in the select morsels of the scandalous indulgence peculiar to each. He knows every race-course, every nag, the history of all the famous matches, and the pedigree of every distinguished horse. The whole vocabulary of pleasure is vernacular,—its wit, its slang, its watchwords, and black-letter literature. He is a profound annalist of scandal; every stream of news, clear or muddy, disenbogues into the gulf of his prodigious memory. He can tell you, after living but a week in a city, who gambles, when, for what sums, and with what fate; who is impure, who was, who is suspected, who is not suspected—but ought to be. He is a morbid anatomist of morals; a brilliant flesh-fly—unerring to detect taint.

Like other men, he loves admiration and desires to extend his influence. All these manifold accomplishments are exhibited before the

callow young. That he may secure a train of useful followers, he is profuse of money; and moves among them with an easy, insinuating frankness, a never-ceasing gaiety, so spicy with fun, so diverting with stories, so full of little hits, sly innuendoes, or solemn wit, with now and then a rare touch of dexterous mimicry, and the whole so pervaded by the indescribable flavour, the changing hues of humour,—that the young are bewildered with idolatrous admiration. What gay young man, who is old enough to admire himself and be ashamed of his parents, can resist a man so bedewed with humour, narrating exquisite stories with such mock gravity, with such slyness of mouth, and twinkling of the eye, with such grotesque attitudes, and significant gestures? He is declared to be the most remarkable man in the world. Now take off this man's dress, put out the one faculty of mirthfulness, and he will stand disclosed without a single positive virtue! With strong appetites deeply indulged, hovering perpetually upon the twilight edge of every vice; and whose wickedness is only not apparent, because it is garnished with flowers and garlands; who is not despised, only because his various news, artfully told, keep us in good humour with ourselves! At one period of youthful life, this creature's influence supplants that of every other man. There is an absolute fascination in him which awakens a *craving* in the mind to be of his circle: plain duties become drudgery, home has no light; life at its ordinary key is monotonous, and must be screwed up to the concert pitch of this wonderful genius! As he tells his stories, so with a wretched grimace of imitation, apprentices will try to tell them; as he gracefully swings through the street, they will roll; they will leer because he stares genteelly; he sips, they guzzle—and talk impudently, because he talks with easy confidence. He walks erect, they strut; he lounges, they loll; he is less than a man, and they become even less than he. Copper-rings, huge blotches of breast-pins, wild streaming handkerchiefs, jaunty hats, odd clothes, superfluous walking-sticks, ill-uttered oaths, stupid jokes, and blundering pleasantries—these are the first fruits of imitation! There are various grades of it, from the office, store, shop, street, clear down to the hostelry and stable. Our cities are filled with these juvenile nondescript monsters, these compounds of vice, low wit, and vulgarity. The original is morally detestable, and the counterfeit is a very base imitation of a very base thing; the dark shadow of a very ugly substance.

III. THE CYNIC. The Cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness, and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game. The Cynic puts all human actions into only two classes—*openly* bad, and *secretly* bad. All virtue and generosity and disinterestedness are merely the *appearance* of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear them; to send you away sour and morose. His criticisms and innuendoes fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing, like frost upon flowers. If a man is said to be pure and chaste he will answer, *Yes, in the day time*. If a woman is pronounced virtuous, he will reply: *yes, as yet*. Mr. A. is a religious man: *Yes, on Sundays*. Mr. B. has just joined the church: *certainly; the elections are coming on*. The minister of the gospel is called an example of diligence; *it is his*

trade. Such a man is generous: *of other men's money.* This man is obliging; *to lull suspicion and cheat you.* That man is upright; *because he is green.* Thus his eye strains out every good quality and takes in only the bad. To him religion is hypocrisy, honesty a preparation for fraud, virtue only want of opportunity, and undeniable purity, asceticism. The live-long day he will coolly sit with sneering lip, uttering sharp speeches in the quietest manner, and in polished phrase, transfixing every character which is presented: *his words are softer than oil, yet are they drawn swords.*

All this, to the young, seems a wonderful knowledge of human nature; they honour a man who appears to have *found out mankind.* They begin to indulge themselves in flippant sneers; and with supercilious brow, and impudent tongue, wagging to an empty brain, call to naught the wise, the long-tried and the venerable.

I do believe that man is corrupt enough; but something of good has survived his wreck; something of evil religion has restrained, and something partially restored; yet, I look upon the human heart as a mountain of fire. I dread its crater. I tremble when I see its lava roll the fiery stream. THEREFORE, I am the more glad, if upon the old crust of past eruptions, I can find a single flower springing up. So far from rejecting appearances of virtue in the corrupt heart of a depraved race, I am eager to see their light as ever mariner was to see a star in a stormy night.

Moss will grow upon grave-stones, the ivy will cling to the mouldering pile, the mistletoe springs from the dying branch; and, God be praised, something green, something fair to the sight and grateful to the heart, will yet twine around and grow out of the seams and cracks of the desolate temple of the human heart.

Who could walk through Thebes, Palmyra, or Petræa, and survey the wide waste of broken arches, crumbled altars, fallen pillars, effaced cornices, toppling walls, and crushed statues, with no feelings but those of contempt? Who, unsorrowing, could see the stork's nest upon the carved pillar, satyrs dancing on marble pavements, and scorpions nestling where beauty once dwelt, and dragons the sole tenants of royal palaces? Amid such melancholy magnificence, even the misanthrope might weep! If here and there an altar stood unbruised, or a graven column unblemished, or a statue nearly perfect, he might well feel love for a man-wrought stone, so beautiful, when all else is so dreary and desolate. Thus, though man is as a desolate city, and his passions are as the wild beasts of the wilderness, howling in kings' palaces, yet he is God's workmanship, and a thousand touches of exquisite beauty remain. Since Christ hath put his sovereign hand to restore man's ruin, many points are remoulded, and the fair form of a new fabric already appears growing from the ruins, and the first faint flame is glimmering upon the restored altar.

It is impossible to indulge in such habitual severity of opinion upon our fellow-men, without injuring the tenderness and delicacy of our own feelings. A man will *be* what his most cherished feelings are. If he encourage a noble generosity, every feeling will be enriched by it; if he nurse bitter and envenomed thoughts, his own spirit will absorb the poison; and he will crawl among men as a burnished adder, whose life is mischief, and whose errand is death.

Although experience should correct the indiscriminate confidence of

the young, no experience should render them callous to goodness wherever seen. He who hunts for flowers, will find flowers; and he who loves weeds, may find weeds. Let it be remembered, that no man, who is not himself mortally diseased, will have a relish for disease in others. A swoln wretch, blotched all over with leprosy, may grin hideously at every wart or excrescence upon beauty. A wholesome man will be pained at it, and seek not to notice it. Reject, then, the morbid ambition of the Cynic, or cease to call yourself a man!

AN APPEAL TO THE FRIENDS OF THE AMERICAN AND FOREIGN CHRISTIAN UNION.

The Executive Committee of the *American and Foreign Christian Union* would most respectfully, but earnestly, beg the attention of the friends and patrons of the Society to the following statement and appeal.

It is well known to you, dear brethren, that The Foreign Evangelical Society, The American Protestant Society, and the Christian Alliance were united, last May, in a new Society, which has the above-stated name, and which has undertaken the work, and assumed the responsibilities that formerly appertained to the three. The new Society entered, at once, with vigour, on the prosecution of its great work of diffusing the Truth among the Papal population of our own country, especially that of a foreign origin, and the Committee are happy to be able to state, that they have now nearly thirty Irish, German, French, Spanish, Portuguese and Italian labourers, successfully at work at important points in our country. Scarcely a month has passed away, since the union of these societies, without some addition being made to the list of its labourers in the home department. And God has signally blest the labours of those who have been employed.

But the Committee feel constrained to say, that they are much concerned lest the foreign portion of their labours may suffer. And in fact, nothing can prevent this, but the most vigorous exertions on the part of the friends of the society. It will be necessary to raise for this department of the Society's operations, at least the sum of fifteen thousand dollars before next May, in addition to what is needed for the home field, which will not be less than five thousand dollars. To do this, we shall need the prompt and liberal aid of all our friends. Within the last few weeks, and even within the last few days, the Committee have received the most urgent appeals from France, Italy, Belgium, Ireland, Canada—appeals which must be responded to in a liberal manner. God is opening, every year, many doors for the entrance of the Truth into those countries, notwithstanding the exertions of Antichrist to prevent our efforts. The Committee are confident, that if all those who are favourably disposed to the Society, could read the letters which they have lately recived from the countries just named—many of which contain facts that cannot now be safely published—there would be no want of the means to meet the demands which these appeals contain.

Help, too, is needed for down-trodden Hungary, and for the vast, but benighted Empire of Russia, to scatter in both the messages of eternal life. And there is Mexico on our borders, and Grenada, Chili, Brazil, and other portions of South America, in which much may be done, and for attempting which, the Committee are fully prepared, if the means be furnished.

In common with other societies, The American and Foreign Christian Union felt the paralyzing influences of the Cholera during the summer. In addition to this, the bringing to this country of so many exiled Portuguese Protestants—driven from Madeira by persecution—their support in New York for so long a period; last summer and autumn, (on account of the general prevalence of the cholera), and their removal to Illinois, not only im-

posed a heavy burden upon the society, and occupied much of the time of one of its agents, but also diverted no inconsiderable amount of funds which would have been otherwise received for the society's ordinary and peculiar work. But now this embarrassment has passed away in a good measure, and the Committee would devote their energies to the appropriate work of the society with redoubled vigour. To be enabled to do this, they would make an earnest appeal to the friends of the society, and of the cause which it seeks to promote. Brethren, and friends, give us your prompt and generous aid. Such aid will enable us to meet the very pleasing calls which are made upon us from our Christian friends abroad for help, in this the time of need. Whatever you can do, be so good as to do it soon.

THOMAS DE WITT, *Pres. of the Society.*

THEO. FRELINGHUYSEN, *Pres. of the Board.*

M. DE MOTTE, *Treasurer.*

SHALL WE COMPROMISE?—Mr. Clay's Compromise has been violently resisted by the South, and but coldly looked upon in the North. It is not that both sides are infatuated and refuse a reasonable settlement; but the skill of Mr. Clay has evidently not touched the seat of the disease. He either has not perceived, or has not thought it expedient to meet the real issue now before the people of the United States. The struggle going on is a struggle whose depths lie in the organization of society in the North and South respectively; whose causes were planted in the Constitution. There are two incompatible and mutually destructive principles wrought together in the government of this land. Hitherto, like Esau and Jacob, they have striven together in the womb. Now they are born, and that feud has begun which shall drive the one or the other to the wilderness. To attempt to settle a radical opposition of polity, by easing off the rub here and there, leaving the great principles in full vigour, is as if one should hang fenders and sand bags along the side of hostile ships that come crushing together, instead of putting the helm about and going another tack. "Slavery is right," and "Slavery is wrong;" "Slavery shall live," "Slavery shall die," "Slavery shall extend," "Slavery shall not extend;"—are these conflicts to be settled by any mode of parcelling out certain territories? Now the battle rages at one point, by-and-by it will rage at another. These opponent elements, Slavery and Liberty, inherent in our political system, animating our Constitution, checking our public policy, breeding in statesmen opposite principles of government, and making our whole wisdom of public legislation on many of the greatest questions cross-eyed and contradictory, these elements are seeking each other's life. One or the other must die.

The South now demands room and right for extension. She asks the North to be a partner. For every free state, she demands one state for slavery. One dark orb must be swung into its orbit to groan and travail in pain, for every new orb of liberty over which the morning stars shall sing for joy.

On that question we hold there can be no compromise. The Constitution has come to a period of final construction—every year's delay will aggravate the difficulties—an earlier day had been better than this, but this is better than any future day. It is time for good men and true to gird up their loins, and stand forth for God and for humanity. No compromises can help us which dodge the question—certainly none which settle it for slavery. We are told that the question is momentous, and beset with the most serious difficulties. Neither in the affairs of individuals nor of nations is there any difficulty when men are willing to do right. It is when right is spun to so fine a thread that it floats like a gossamer, changing to every breath, that we lose sight of it or find it entangled in our own hands. There never was a plainer question for

the North. It is her duty, openly, firmly, and for ever, to refuse to slavery another inch of territory, *and to see to it, that it never gets it by fraud.* It is her duty to refuse her hand or countenance to slavery where it now exists. It is her duty to declare that she will, under no considerations, be a party to any further inhumanity and injustice. Then the path will be plain and straight. The path of duty, though a steep one, and often toilsome, is always straight and plain. Those are the labyrinthine roads, which, winding through sloughs and thickets, embosked and dark, seek to find a way around the rocks and steeps, and come to the gate of Success, without climbing the hill of Difficulty.

Mr. Clay's compromise resolutions demand better provision for the recovery of fugitive slaves, and a bill is now pending in the United States Senate for this purpose. We cannot strongly enough express our profound regret at the remarks which Mr. Clay felt it his duty to make on this subject. On this matter, our feelings are so strong that we confess a liability to intemperance of expression.

If the compromises of the Constitution include requisitions which violate humanity, I will not be bound by them. Not even the Constitution shall make me unjust. If my patriotic sires confederated in my behalf that I should maintain that instrument, so I will, to the utmost bounds of Right. But who, with power which even God denies to himself, shall, by compact, foreordain me to the commission of inhumanity and injustice? I disown the act. I repudiate the obligation. Never, while I have breath, will I help any official miscreant in his base errand of recapturing a fellow man for bondage. And may my foot palsy, and my right hand forget its cunning, if I ever become so untrue to mercy and to religion, as not, by all the means in my power, to give aid and succour to every man whose courageous flight tells me that he is worthy of liberty! If asked, what then becomes of the Constitution, I reply by asking, What becomes of God's Constitution of Humanity, if you give back a slave to the remorseless maw of servitude? I put Constitution against Constitution—God's against man's. Where they agree, they are doubly sacred. Where they differ, my reply to all questioners—but especially to all timid Christian scruples, is, in the language of Peter: *"Whether it be right in the sight of God, to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye!"*

Ought not Christians by all the means in their power, to *preserve the Union*? Yes, by all means that are *right*! But, dear as the Union is, and ought to be, whenever it comes between a Christian people and their Christian integrity, it becomes a snare. The very value of our Union is to be found in those principles of justice, liberty, and humanity, which inspire it. But if by any infernal juggle these principles must be yielded up to preserve the Union, then a corpse only will be left in our arms, deflowered, lifeless, worthless. A Union perpetuated by giving way to injustice, a Union maintained by obedience to the desires of Slavery, is but a compact of violence. We emphasize these things, because the long-continued cries of politicians have produced among men an unquestioned and undisturbed conviction that no evil can be so great as the dissolution of our Union. There are many evils infinitely greater. The loss of a national conscience is greater. An indifference to the condition of millions of miserable creatures, whose degradation, vices, ignorance, and animalism, plead with our consciences in their behalf; this would be an unspeakably greater evil. So long as we can maintain the Union on terms which allow us to act with a free conscience, with humanity unviolated, we shall count no sacrifice dear to maintain it. But religion and humanity are a price too dear to pay even for the Union!

Nor do we misunderstand the cunning cry of those who ask us to leave the issues of this question in new territories to chance. Now-a-days, chance

has too many wires and wire-workers to suit our idea of luck. Chancee is the merest gambler. The dice are loaded. The cards are marked. Only the victim dreams that there is fair play. The South is to deal, the North is to take what cards are flirled to its hand. Who doubts the issue? How many more games than those already played are needed, before the dupe shall suspect foul play? No, by as much as liberty is dearer to us than slavery, by so much should we be more active in its behalf than its adversaries are in behalf of slavery. If they can toil night and day, dig deep trenches, bear burdens cheerfully to sink the rocky foundations for the towers of oppression, shall we have no bulwarks and no towers for liberty? Whenever and wherever a blow is struck for slavery, then and there must be a double stroke for liberty!—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Foreign Missions.

[For the Banner of the Covenant.]

JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE UP THE GANGES.

[Continued from page 112.]

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—My last letter left us at Monghyr, sheltered from the storm of January 18th, and enjoying the hospitalities of the Baptist missionaries. I think I forgot to say, that it was there we first learned about the banishment of the Pope from Rome. It rejoiced our hearts exceedingly to think that the down-trodden slaves of Popish domination had at last risen in their strength, to punish their *arch oppressor*; for, although Pius IX. had obtained a name for liberality, he was still the *Pope*, and as such the natural enemy of *civil and religious liberty*. My unceasing prayer ever since has been, that he may never see his detestable throne re-established. But I do not believe this will be the case. I fear he will be set up again for a time—and then wo to the friends of truth, who may come within his revengeful grasp. We have since learned that the despotic powers of Europe are combining to replace the banished “Holy Father,” and, in the very van, *republican France*. What a misnomer! What a libel upon freedom! But I forgot France is a *catholic republic*, a sheer anomaly! The two principles are antagonistic, and either must eventually be destroyed.

Who cannot see in these events on the continent of Europe the hand of God visibly displayed. May we not hope that when this storm-cloud of revolution shall have rolled over these enslaved nations, and spent its fury upon the enemies of God, the peaceful reign of the Sun of Righteousness may draw nigh! But ere this, they shall, undoubtedly, be allowed to satisfy their blood-thirsty appetites. “For they have shed the blood of saints and prophets, and thou hast given them blood to drink, for they are worthy.”—Excuse this digression.

We left Monghyr on Friday morning, and on Saturday evening stopped in a beautiful little nook, where we spent the Sabbath. On the afternoon of the latter, we went to a village, a short distance from the bank. Brother C. talked to the people about the foolishness of their heathen superstitions, particularly their faith in the Ganges’ water, and proved to their own satisfaction that they were sinners, although on the very bank of the sacred river. I was struck with a remark made by one of these simple men: “If we,” said he, “who live so near the Ganges are sinners, surely those who live far off must be

worse." How true of those in Christian lands: if those under the very droppings of the gospel continue in sin, what must be the condition of those who never heard of a Saviour!

On Wednesday morning, the 24th, Mr. C. and I went ashore at the town of Bar, a very scattered place, rather a continuation of villages, noted chiefly for large piggeries, and the manufacture of saltpetre. Mr. Campbell entered into conversation with an old Brahmin, who officiated at a little temple built under the shade of a "green tree." Around the temple lay a number of old gods, who had "had their day," but were now thrown away as useless. At Mr. C.'s request, he gave each of us one of these, saying that they were now of no use to any one. This is the custom throughout all the country. When a god ceases to be profitable to the Brahmins, they set up another, whose popularity may draw donations from their superstitious worshippers. Between Bar and Patna the river is very difficult of navigation, especially when high winds blow, as was the case when we passed this part.

On the morning of the 25th, Mr. C.'s boat was separated from the rest, and we did not see them for two days. The cause of the separation was that the river was here divided into two branches by a large island, the one which Mr. C.'s boatmen took being much more difficult than that which our men chose, they were of course kept behind.

We came together again at the town of Fatiwa, a place celebrated for the manufacture of table cloths, table napkins, &c., &c. These articles produced here are sold all over India at very moderate prices. While we waited for the approach of Mr. C.'s boat, we had an opportunity in company of Captain G. of visiting these manufactories, and it is really astonishing to see the beautiful specimens of workmanship produced by machinery from whose primitive character and rude construction it would be very difficult for you to imagine, much less to conceive, that with such instruments, in the hands of such drowsy-looking mortals as the weavers generally seem, any good work could possibly be executed.

On the morning of the 27th we reached Patna, a large native city, which, with the civil station of Bankipore adjoining, stretches along the bank of the river nearly ten miles. After breakfast, Mr. C. and I went ashore at the lower end of the city, while the boats went on by the river. Here we hired an eckha for about twelve cents to carry us to the missionary's residence at the other extremity of the city. This eckha is a conveyance very commonly used by the natives, very seldom by Europeans, for the same purpose as your cabs, but I assure you it is a very different kind of conveyance. I wish you could see it in all its glory in the streets of Philadelphia. I will not attempt to describe it, for I am sure I would fail, and if I did succeed, you could not realize the object from the very best description. It is sufficient to say that the accommodation for two passengers is very scanty. To sit properly in it, you must sit *tailor fashion*, but as we could not bring our unaccustomed members into compliance with this requisition we were obliged to turn back to back, and let our feet hang over the wheels. With this conveyance we visited the principal bazaars of the city, and were finally carried to the house of Mr. Biddy, Baptist missionary. On the way, I was reconciled to the sufferings of my situation, which on rough parts of the road were very severe, by the

heartly laughs of Mr. C. at the novelty of our "turn out," and the lamentations of the driver, who during the whole time hardly ever ceased craving his fee in advance, protesting strongly that if he did not get it then he would surely die.

(To be continued.)

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM REV. J. R. CAMPBELL, DATED

Saharanpur, Nov. 21, 1849.

REVEREND AND VERY DEAR BROTHER,—

On the morning of the 9th October, Mr. Woodside and I, with our families, set out to attend the annual meeting of the Mission at Lodiana,—little Mary Anna's health having sufficiently recovered to admit of her travelling. The change of air did her much good. On account of domestic circumstances and sickness in the family, Mr. Caldwell was unable to accompany us. After making five marches, or nearly the half of the journey—a little over sixty miles—we arrived at Ambála, where we have a mission station, and spent the Sabbath with the Rev. Mr. Jamieson. We had the privilege there of witnessing the baptism of two persons from among the heathen. I preached the preparatory sermon in Hindústáni. It was a pleasing sight to see one in the prime of youth, and another advanced beyond middle age, coming forward before their countrymen to publicly renounce idolatry and sin, and pledge themselves to be the Lord's, and to walk according to his laws. May grace be given for the great conflict that is before them. Before the following Sabbath we reached Lodiana, where we spent eleven days, closely engaged, sometimes from early morning till 11 o'clock at night, in transacting important missionary business. There were eight missionaries present. I had the honour of presiding. It was a most harmonious and interesting meeting. Reports came up from the five stations, which were read, criticised, and an epitome prepared for publication in this country. The report from this station Brother Woodside will send to you in company with this.* Though most of the stations are weak in missionary strength, the call seemed so loud and urgent from the Panjab, lately opened to missionary effort, that we resolved to "go up at once and possess the land." The Rev. Messrs. Newton and Freeman are now on their way to Lahore, where they will commence operations at once. A number of influential gentlemen at the place, both civil and military, have given every encouragement, and promises of pecuniary assistance in building houses, schools, &c. We have also now a large supply of Scriptures, and tracts, and books, ready at our presses in the Panjiba language, for distribution, and a Dictionary of the language, prepared by Rev. Mr. Newton, is just going to the press,—so that our prospects in this quarter are not only widening, but brightening.—Trials and discouragements we have, and may expect to meet for a long time; but, on the whole, I never felt more encouragement than at present. One reason of this is that I feel great freedom now in speaking the language, and I find the people very attentive when I preach. In the city church we have large audiences every Sabbath, and also on its wide verandah every afternoon. We trust the Lord will render his own truth, brought home to the conscience, the means of the conversion of some. At present the mouths of gainsayers are, in a great measure, stopped; and we hear but few objections to gospel doctrines. All our Christian people here seem to be growing in grace and stability. Mr. Caldwell has been at Delhi, on a missionary tour, and for the health of his family. When but a few marches from that place, his youngest child, only a little more than a month old, took ill suddenly, and died. We expect him

* This interesting document was set up for the present No. We have been obliged to defer it for want of room.

here in two or three days. All our families are now in excellent health. The weather now is not unlike what you have at this season, except that it is hotter in the middle of the day here. During the last two months I have been very much engaged in various ways, and am not likely soon to have much leisure. The Mission have re-appointed me as their Treasurer; and the accounts, which are now numerous, will require a good deal of time. We have been pretty successful in raising funds to build a mission church on the Compound. We have obtained already nearly two thousand rupees from Christian friends in this country. The bricks are being burned, and we hope soon to lay the foundation. We wish to raise a neat and permanent house, to be an honour to the mission. We are glad to hear of such large additions to the ministerial strength at home. You have lost nothing by sending a few weak hands to India. "They that water others, shall be watered themselves." How slow many are to believe this truth. With warm Christian regards to all friends from Mrs. C. and your unworthy brother, I remain yours in affectionate Christian bonds,

J. R. CAMPBELL.

P. S.—We shall have a meeting of Presbytery shortly, when we will send a report to Synod.

J. R. C.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM REV. J. S. WOODSIDE, DATED

Saharanpur, Dec. 5th, 1849.

MY DEAR MR. WYLIE,—

I suppose you received the letter about a Library for the English School, and may have made some purchases for it. I then stated that we might, perhaps, think of something suitable, and again mention it. But I do not know that at this distance we are as well qualified to judge what may be required. I may say, briefly, that what we want, is a collection of books in an easy style, well adapted to boys beginning to think, and which might likely lead them to think more deeply. You will be happy to learn of our victory over the scholars in the matter of the sweeper's boy. They have all submitted to our regulation, and most of them have re-entered. I put into the Annual Report a note stating this fact, which can appear in connexion with that which is written in reference to it in the Report. Our Presbyterial Report I also enclose. You will judge of our Presbyterial business when I tell you that our last meeting consisted of four sessions, averaging two hours each. This time was taken up in examinations, &c. Our Theological Seminary is now in operation. Four students attend, two having a more direct view to entering the ministry. It will be some years yet before they can be admitted. Their characters must be well formed, and it takes a long time to mould native character into something resembling our own. Mr. Campbell takes the Theological department, and Mr. Caldwell the Ecclesiastical History department. I am more engaged with their scientific pursuits. I am getting on pretty well with the native language, but it will be some time yet ere I can speak fluently in it. I am encouraged by the thought that the brethren think me as good as the average for my time. The idiom is the chief difficulty. The vocabulary is not hard to acquire. You will be pleased to hear that Brother Campbell is nearly ready to commence the erection on the Mission premises of a church. Our present one is needed for the English school. I hope, ere six months, the new one will be completed; and I do not know whether any more money than we can raise here may be required; but we are endeavouring to be in this independent of *foreign aid*. It will cost about \$1800. Mr. Campbell is the architect, and an excellent one he is. I hope you will not forget to write us often. I send my annual letter to the students. If I am spared, I will write again. I wish to be always acquainted with them; for, after all, it must be from the Seminary that our missionaries will be drawn. It is, moreover, well always that some of our young men should keep the foreign field in view.

Editorial.

SLAVERY—THE UNION—THE CONSTITUTION.

The discussions in our National Legislature on the subject of Slavery, are doubtless watched with the greatest solicitude by all our readers. As men, as Christians, as Covenanters, we regard slavery as an enormous evil, an infringement on the inalienable rights of its unhappy victims, an injury to their oppressors, a violation of the authority of God. Hence there can be but one feeling among us in regard to this question, and that is determined opposition to its extension and indefinite continuance.

It must be evident to every one that it is the existence of slavery which threatens the dissolution of the Union. Were it removed, there would remain nothing to convulse or rupture our confederacy. While slavery continues, a disturbing and explosive element is connected with our institutions, always endangering their existence. The *only way* to save them from destruction, sooner or later, is its removal. The danger at present may be deferred by an unholy and unhappy compromise; but it will return, and require again equal or greater sacrifices. Had the position been taken that slavery should not extend beyond the original thirteen States, it would now have become extinct. Were the limit to be put to its aggressions *now*, its days might soon be numbered. But if this opportunity be lost, we will find any future attempt to arrest it more dangerous, and, perhaps, fatal to our Union.

We have been much interested in observing the manner in which the advocates of the extension of slavery appeal to the *Constitution*. The permission which it includes for the delivery of fugitive slaves is assuredly one which ought never to have been made, being in direct opposition to the Word of God; but, certainly, in making it, the North had no idea that slavery was to exist *indefinitely*. It was the general, probably the universal, opinion, that in the course of a few years slavery would not be found in any part of our land: had it been supposed that any desired it to continue, we feel sure this provision would not have been acceded to. But, as it exists in the Constitution, it is the duty of all who love liberty, and desire to obey God, to use means for its removal: certainly it should be expunged from a document, with the design and general character of which it is so entirely inconsistent. In the mean time a higher law than the Constitution, a law written on the heart of every man, and recorded in the Revelation which God himself has given in his holy Word, forbids concurrence with it. Just on the same principle as if the Constitution contained some article sanctioning and supporting idolatry, we would feel bound to resist it, so do we feel in regard to this. No act of our fathers, or of our own, can bind us to do what we conscientiously believe to be sinful. The idea has prevailed in the minds of many that the Constitution is the *supreme* law, irrespective of any higher authority, human or divine. We have been glad to find that such an opinion, as unreasonable as enslaving, has been denied on the floor of the Senate, and the true principle stated and maintained. Human laws can have no obligation on our obedience, unless they are in accordance with the law of God.

This question is one which cannot be viewed with apathy by any right-

hearted man. A consideration of it should arouse our efforts to prevent the dreaded evil. We may not be able to do much by worldly wisdom or worldly weapons; but we know that there is a higher Power which may direct the deliberations of our Legislators, and control their decisions. His aid we can invoke; and when we consider His omnipotence, and the justice and goodness of the cause for which we would plead, we are encouraged to hope that He will not refuse to listen. Let, then, *prayer be made continually* in regard to this subject, both in the sanctuary, in the family, and in the closet; and we may confidently trust that the Lord will arise "to judge the oppressed, that the man of earth may no more oppress."

SABBATH EVENING.

Of late years it has become a general practice in many places to have public religious services on the evening of the Sabbath. Every thing is beautiful in its season, and hence one duty should not interfere with another. These Sabbath evening services, we think, interfere with family religion. They necessarily withdraw parents, and the older members of the family, from their own houses, and prevent, in a great measure, attention to domestic religious duties. The result is a distaste for fireside religion, and a neglect of that family instruction, for which there can be no adequate substitute. Parental influence is weakened, and a generation is growing up, possessing but an indistinct and superficial knowledge of the doctrines of divine truth. We have no hesitation in saying that the many instances in which the children of professing Christians are found in the paths of the destroyer, arise from the neglect of their parents to give them suitable instruction in their own homes.

While we are ready to admit that there may be much profit and pleasure in listening to a good discourse on a Sabbath evening, yet we cannot think that parents should take this enjoyment while they leave their children at home to trifle, or play, or entirely mispend and lose that sacred time. Besides, as teaching is the best way to learn, a father will be himself greatly benefited by instructing his children. Thus, too, the respect and love of his offspring will be secured; for if they find they are neglected in order that their parents may get more ease or pleasure, they cannot have the same strength of attachment as they otherwise would naturally cherish. No other time is so suitable for these purposes as the Sabbath evening. As a period of holy rest, when there is less liability to the intrusion of worldly company, or amusements, or occupations, which might turn off the attention, and when the religious exercises of the church have prepared the mind for such employments, all things seem to indicate its propriety. From the irregular and often late hours to which children in cities are employed during the week, the Sabbath evening is almost the only time when they can have much intercourse with their parents; and if it be not carefully improved, no wonder if the natural feelings of affection which might be developed into such lovely and beneficial fruits, become extinct, because uncultivated. Let the Sabbath evening be spent by a Christian parent in his own household, examining his children in the excellent systems of instruction which the church has provided for the

purpose, exciting and arousing their inquiries on religious subjects, reviewing with them the services of the house of God, and uniting with them around the family altar, and we doubt not all will feel happier, and all will have been more benefited than if the father or any of the family had been listening to the most eloquent and instructive discourse.

FIRST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY IN THE UNITED STATES.

Some time since we adverted to the statement made so frequently by our brethren of the Associate Reformed Church, that to them "belongs the honour of having established the first Protestant Theological Seminary ever founded on this western continent." We stated at that time that the Seminary of the Dutch Reformed Church was said to have been established in 1784, and that of the Associate Church in 1792,—the former twenty years, and the latter twelve years before the formation of the Seminary of the Associate Reformed Church. We find in the last number of the Christian Instructor a communication from Rev. Mr. Miller, of Argyle, in regard to the Seminary of the Associate Church, with some remarks upon it by Dr. Forsyth, of the Associate Reformed Church. Mr. Miller shows that "the subject of a Seminary or Institution for preparing young men for the work of the ministry," was brought before the Associate Presbytery of Pennsylvania as early as 1764, and that "since 1793 the Theological Seminary of the Associate Church has had a continuous existence." Dr. F., in his reply, defines a Theological Seminary to be "an organized institution, with its trustees, superintendents, and professors, in which Theology is the exclusive subject of study, and where the students reside during the largest part of the year, for several years in succession," and then re-asserts the claim of the Associate Reformed Church as having established the first institution of this kind. While we are not prepared to admit the accuracy of Dr. F.'s definition, we would like to know if the Seminary of the Associate Reformed Church, as constituted in 1804, possessed these characteristics, and if the Seminaries of the Associate and Dutch Reformed Churches previously were not possessed of them. The subject is an interesting historical inquiry, though the "*honour*," (notwithstanding it has been so frequently claimed on both sides the Atlantic by the Associate Reformed Church,) is not a thing for which there should be any contest.

NOVA SCOTIA MISSION.

We have learned with great regret that our respected and beloved Missionary in Nova Scotia, Rev. A. Clarke, has been compelled to retire from his public services, in consequence of impaired health. His constitution, strong as it was, has been broken down at last by the exposure, and hardships, and excessive labours, which he has encountered. We earnestly hope he may be able again to resume his duties; but if not, it is consolatory to think that his efforts have not been in vain, and that he has fallen in a good cause, and in the service of a good Master. May that Saviour, whom he has at so much personal sacrifice offered to others, be his consolation and support, in his time of trial, and at last his exceeding great reward.

We hope the condition of this interesting missionary field will attract the attention it deserves. Mr. Clarke is now laid aside by illness, Mr. Gordon

has not yet returned, and it is uncertain what his movements may be; there is no one who can be procured to go thither. Let our prayers then ascend to heaven that the great Head of the Church would raise up, and send forth some who may raise the fallen Banner, and retain that interesting mission. May He put into the hearts of some right-hearted men to offer their services. They are greatly needed, they would be gladly welcomed, and there is every reason to hope that their labours would be abundantly successful.

DIRECTORY FOR DOMESTIC MISSIONARIES.

In addition to the list published in our February number, we now mention the names and residences of the following persons. We hope that any ministers or licentiates who may find it practicable, on their way to the meeting of Synod, will make a visit to those brethren who are destitute of the ordinances, and very earnestly desire them.

Henry Saunders, (formerly a Ruling Elder in Rev. Dr. Paul's Congregation, Ireland,) about five miles from Burlington, on the road from Racine, Wisconsin.

Samuel Richie, Boston Township, near Hudson, Summit county, Ohio.

THE NEW EDITION OF THE TESTIMONY.

This publication has just been issued, and is ready for distribution, according to the arrangements stated on the Cover. It is handsomely printed and bound; and, we understand, is much more accurate than any former edition. Every communicant in our church, and all who wish to know our distinctive principles, should procure a copy.

LATER NEWS FROM INDIA.

We have just received some communications from India, dated on January 5th. The health of the Mission families was then good, and their prospects encouraging. In regard to the new church, Mr. C. writes as follows:

—"We have now received about 2200 rupees towards the building of our new church, and hope to raise the whole amount necessary, which will probably be as much more, from Christian friends in this country. The building will be 39 feet high, and the spire will rise 50 feet from the top of the building. The whole will be a handsome structure. The foundation was laid on the 1st of the year 1850. On the evening of the same day we had an exhibition of all our philosophical apparatus, with a great many interesting experiments. All the gentlemen of the station, and most of the ladies, were present, and also a great many of the most respectable native gentlemen from the city,—so that the house was crowded, and many remained out of doors. All expressed themselves highly delighted by what they witnessed. On the same day I received from a friend in the Deccan, 700 miles distant, 200 rupees for the church, with many expressions of Christian friendship and good wishes for our success. With much love to yourself and all friends, as ever your attached brother,

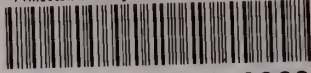
J. R. CAMPBELL."

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The Banner of the Covenant

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